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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

MORAL & RELIGIOUS:

WRITTEN ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

BY

Eydia Ann Appleton.

TORONTO:

PRINTED AT THE "WATCHMAN" OFFICE,
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1850.

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PREFACE.

Many volumes of Poetry, written by authors whose talents are the honor and ornament of their country, are already before the public. With such productions, however, though this little volume cannot compete, being the production of early years, the Authoress hopes the friends of Canada generally, but especially the daughters of Canada, will receive them favorably.

These Poems have been subjected to the examination of several persons of respectability and education, on whose judgment reliance is placed, and whose favorable opinion has led to their publication.

Several of these pieces being addressed to persons who may see them in print, it is hoped they will consider them (as they really are) tokens of esteem still entertained for them. Being of a moral and religious character, it is the earnest wish of the Authoress that they may both profit and please.

Confidently expecting, at least a share of kind consideration, this little volume is placed before the public.

Whitchurch, May 1850.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF CANADA.

In the humble expectation that even in the absence of any claim to high talents or great genius, this youthful effort will prove interesting and instructive ; and hoping that the time may not be very far distant, when Canada shall be distinguished by the elevated genius, the high literary attainments, the pure morality and the sound religious principles both of her *Sons* and *Daughters* :—this little *Work* is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHORESS.

UNIVERSAL SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.—Psalm ii, verse 8.

In his day shall the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace as long as the moon endureth ; he shall have dominion from sea to sea ; and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.—Psalm lxxii, verse 7 & 8.

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord ; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them.—Jeremiah xxxi, verse 34.

For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—Habbak. ii, verse 14.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of Heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue and people.—Rev. xiv, verse 6.

ETERNAL Being ! fountain of all good,
At whose command creation's fabric stood
In the first beauty of created light,
An emblem of thy goodness, wisdom, might:
O ! let me praise thee tho' in humble strain,
And own my labors for my Saviour's name :
Thou know'st it is thy glory that I view,
Oh ! keep me close to truth and nature too.
Save me from trusting, save in God alone,
Who bought my ransom with his dying groan ;

To whom alone is praise, and honor due,
For thou alone art holy, just and true.
O! let me praise thee, let thy glory be
Declar'd to earth, tho' even Lord by me.
Tho' oft thy children have proclaim'd thy name
And shown thy glory in far nobler strain:
Yet still how lovely, excellent, the theme
To praise the God in goodness, power, supreme.
From the first man that drew on earth his breath
To the last creature that must yield to death---
And more than this, will be of truth, the Head,
When all creation is to ruin sped;
When on the clouds thou com'st the just to claim,
Bear from corruption to adore thy name---
To cast before the throne each starry crown,
To string their harps and tell of Christ's renown;
Of all his sufferings in this world of shame,
Of all the mercy that enshrines his name..
Of all the devious paths he led them through
Until he brought them to the fountain true:
That gently show'd their eyes the blessed road,
Till by his pow'r they mounted up to God;
And the sweet anthem of the angel's song
Shall fill the chorus of the grateful throng;
Of all thy mercy none on earth can tell,
It is more boundless than the ocean's swell---
Eternity can only suit the theme,
Eternity will but renew the stream
Of mercy through eternal ages shed
On all the Saviour's ransom'd children's head.
Yet I would praise thee for the high command
Entrusted to thy faithful angel's hand---

The Gospel's truth, to all the world unfold,
That heathen nations may with joy behold
Upon their hills the messengers of peace,
With power from heaven, bidding error cease :
Holding a dying Saviour to their view,
Mighty to save, and to his promise true ;
And willing all the ills of life to bear,
That they with Jesus may his kingdom share ;
And bring his blood-bought purchase to the home
Prepar'd for them in realms to us unknown.
Yet thou hast told us in thy word of light
That they are pure and free from sin and night :
That no corrupted thing can enter in,
Or touch the shores of the eternal King.
Then, holy, holy, are the seats of day
Where Jesu's presence doth for ever stay ;
His presence makes the glory of the free,
Where Jesus smiles, there every cloud must flee ;
And angels of his presence love to tell,
As they in rapture his high praises swell ;
When souls that now bow to an idol's sway
Shall see by faith the kindlings of thy day ;
Shall learn to kneel before thy holy shrine,
And worship thee and let thee make them thine ;
Then they will praise thee for the high command
And their heart's off'ring in thy view shall stand
Besprinkled with the blood for sin that flow'd
Through it acceptable to thee, O God !
Nought is acceptable in thy pure eyes,
If offer'd not through Jesu's sacrifice ;
Him sacrific'd thy word unfolds to view ;
Himself thy word, how beautifully true.

Amid'st the radiant bands that throng thy throne,
Could'st thou have chosen a more faithful one?
For lo! thy ready angel willing flies
At thy command to earth's remotest isles.
O'er ocean's depths, with fearless wing he speed
To India's lands, where many an off'ring bleed
Upon the Altar, which they call their God's,
And die in triumph for their idol lords.
Where Ganges rolls his living stream along,
Behold! assembled there a mighty throng—
The sick, the lame, the blind, the halt, are there
To touch that flood, and of its blessings share;
They fondly think that in that sacred wave
Abides the pow'r to purify and save;
And with that hope in all its maniac light
They plunge into a dark mysterious night.
But that delusion see thy Gospel chase,
True glory showing to the fallen race;
Captive to sin and mis'ry's bitter thrall,
But strong art thou to bear above them all;
And see the Christian Hindoo bow at thine,
Where once he worshipp'd at the idol's shrine;
That idol-god no longer is his part,
Thy brighter image stamping on his heart;
Still brighter shining till the Gospel's ray,
His ransom'd nature mantles in its way.
How glorious that nature when the stain
Of guilt and shame, yields to the Saviour's reign;
When holy purity awakes the blind,
And dwells once more in man's immortal mind.
Immortal mind! can man the thought define?
Unfold the essence of the soul divine?

With mind can he disclose what is the mind ?
That restless source of thought for nobler aims design'd

Than those that wrap so many deathless souls
Within their glittering, false destructive folds ?
But wherefore man ? whose mind was made to soar
When death has freed, to heaven's celestial door ;
With next to angel powers endu'd, to trace
The wonders of Almighty truth and grace :
With revelation's light divinely pure,
To lead him to the fount of bliss secure ;
And as God's glory bursts upon his view
To pour that strain to him forever new ;
And bring all glory to the spotless name,
The Lamb of God from earth's foundation slain—
Still sink debas'd ; and make the creature God
Instead of Him, who only should be Lord
And spring, of ev'ry word and deed and thought,
Each deep affection to God's altar brought
To be refin'd by faith's deep searching fire
That purifies the soul and bids its dross expire.
Go search the sacred page of truth divine,
'Tis written there, unchang'd, untouch'd by time ;
Tho' wreck'd by rushing years, the works of man,
And turn'd to foolishness his brightest plan.
Our parents' fall, the ruin of their race,
By disobedience lost their Maker's face ;
The darken'd heart, the sin beclouded mind,
The cause of shame and mis'ry to mankind.
As is the fountain so the stream will flow,
'Tis strongly prov'd by human crime and woe.
In vain has reason with unaided light

Oft strove to set her votaries right.
The erring judgment still would lead astray,
'Tis God alone makes clear the rightful way :
In that bright pathway have the prophets trod,
And all the holy ones who liv'd to God
Have gain'd a true, and justly great renown,
And through the fiery trial won the crown.
Yet noble Socrates, by reason's might
In him, almost illumed by heaven's pure light,
Has shown the spirit that the Saviour taught—
Submission, goodness, purity of thought :
Not on himself for happiness he stay'd,
Tho' bound in error was the plan he laid
To free the soul from error and from crime—
Oh great Immanuel ! be the glory thine
That thou demandest not what is unknown,
Through what thou givest is thy justice shewn.
And many an heathen at thy trumpet's sound
Will rise to thee, nor fear the ruin round ;
Join with thy host to sound thy mercy free,
And shout in triumph, it was shewn to me.
How dark the cloud of sin that veils mankind !
How poor proud man, how deaf and dumb and blind,
To rush like maniacs on the rocks of sin,
To check the monitor that warns within !
To slight the truths, God's changeless words declare
And all the wrath of slighted mercy dare
For threescore years ; in phantoms seek for joy,
And grasp each bubble as it glitters by ;
And heave the sigh of deep, yet vain regret,
As disappointment in life's path is met ;
And yield at last, to death's unyielding grasp,

With not one treasure left of all the past ;
Then view their glitt'ring crown neglected, lost,
Whilst on the waves of endless anguish toss'd ;
Yet that high power that could protect from all,
'They fly ; and triumph in their nature's thrall.

Oh great Omnipotence ! Jehovah, God !
Whate'er thy name, be thou our only Lord ;
O'er ev'ry passion of our soul preside,
And in thy temple Lord, wilt thou abide ;
And stamp the brightness of thine image there,
And love's perfection, bid thy children bear ;
Thy gift of faith save from the rocky coast ;
And Jesus crucified be all our boast.
O ! who can know thy mercy's mighty strength,
Whilst bound to earth ; or sin's dread fearful length ;
Its blackness, windings, that thy truth abhorr'd,
That only blood divine could melt the rod
Of strictest justice, raised above our head,
Beneath whose stroke the strongest shrink and dread.
O mercy ! wonderful, mysterious, deep,
Our God drink agony ! our Maker weep !
He sought the cross, he bow'd his head, he died,
He bled, he groan'd, our sea of guilt to hide ;
He burst the grave—he rose death's conquering

Lord—

And captive led captivity to God ;
At God's command behold the spirit comes
To guide his chosen, faithful, tempted ones ;
Whilst he in heaven prepares a place of light,
And crowns of glory, glitt'ring pure and bright ;
With joys immortal, joys untold, unknown,

By Jesus purchas'd to adorn his own.
And as each conq'ring warrior quits the field,
And throws aside his helmet and his shield;
Firm to his word of holy, changeless truth,
He bears his foll'wers to immortal youth.
The glitt'ring crown upon each head is plac'd
And on each brow the perfect image trac'd,
Of God-like pow'rs, once ruin'd by the fall,
Through Christ restor'd—then his the glory all.
Mercy mysterious! that the hosts of light
Who stand the foremost in perfection's height;
In mystery vers'd, and heaven's majestic lore—
With awe-struck wonder view its ocean o'er;
Or with new strength immortal, from the throne
Th' unfathom'd theme in burning praises own.
But if this mercy cannot fathom'd be,
Where? where will end fair mercy's boundless sea?
What new displays shall meet the ravish'd sight
Of Cherub, Seraph, Angel, saint of light!
What songs of rapture yet unpour'd shall roll!
What heights and depths! and never reach'd the
goal.

Man cannot reach nor even angel-sense
Can grasp, or comprehend Omnipotence.
Tho' high the pow'rs of heaven in knowledge rise,
God rises higher, is still greater wise.
All other wisdom held in wisdom's hand,
All other power beneath God's high command,
And all true glory only bid to burn
By him who all Eternity doth turn.

SECOND PART.

In power supreme, God weighs the works of man;
The noblest perish at his high command
When sin, and guilt, have risen to their height,
Un-own'd his power, un-owned his awful right
Of glory, nations owe to him whose reign
Protects the grandeur of their wide domain.
The nations sank that sought in blood for fame,
With clouds of infamy around their name;
The noblest once, and once the mightiest ceas'd.
When honor fail'd and infamy increas'd;
When luxury unstrung the high ton'd mind
That Liberty and Virtue once enshrind.
Earth trembled when the awful mandate came
To purge her guilt and wash away her stain;
The heavens were open'd and the deeps were heav'd
Then first proud man in wild despair believ'd
That God spoke truth: tho' unbeliev'd and scorn'd,
And scorn'd the man, by whom his mercy warn'd.
The power of man, the glory and the pride,
What were they then enlisted on his side?
Could arms of brass the tempests force engage?
Could music then Jehovah's wrath assuage?
Could shrieks of fear, and heaven directed eyes
Avert the moment of the sacrifice?
Ah no! the haughty and the trembling sleep
Beneath the surges of the mighty deep.
Cities and forests crush'd amid the strife,
Beast, bird, and man, gasp'd, agoniz'd for life.
But vain the struggle when God's thunder spoke,
And on man's head Jehovah's vengeance broke:

When the loud thunder's peal more deeply peal'd!
When the wild waste the lightning's light reveal'd!
When the dark wave the mountain's side assail'd!
When the white foam above its heights prevail'd!
The righteous then alone escap'd the wave,
Sav'd by the arm Omnipotent to save:
When deeps assembled sought the deeps again,
Destroying waters hurried from the plain;
The radiant bow the arch of heaven adorn'd,
On the blue vault in blending colors form'd;
Drawn in the cloud, a token rais'd on high,
That floods should never more the earth destroy.
Evening beheld it on the eastern day,
And morning hail'd it on the western spray;
Above the torrent was its glory cast,
Truth's lovely emblem, as it smil'd and past:
And still it smiles when darkly on the sky,
The clouds of evening and of morn sweep by;
Still o'er the torrent's troubled foaming stream
The bow of peace in beauty forms serene:
They tell the soul of everlasting love,
The dark wild wave and cov'nant bow above.
How chang'd the earth from its primeval state!
Yet still how lovely, good, and fair and great
The gentle breathing of the Zephyr's song!
The wintry tempest as it speeds along!
The tow'ring mountain and the desert plains;
Where the fierce Siroc blast unconquer'd reigns!
The mighty torrent rushing to the main!
The rolling river sweeping through the plain!
The far-off realms where winter holds his throne!
The gem-like islands of the burning zone!

The vast unfathom'd fountains of the deep
Where the once wearied, long-lost sailors sleep !
That hide the treasures of the rich and proud
And heedless ; wind them in one common shroud !
The stately forests of unnumber'd years
That in the grandeur of its prime appears !
The lowly flowrets, shrinking from the sight,
Bright in the beauty of their gentle light,
That tell the soul if it would learn of flowers
The changeless fleetness of life's passing hours ;
Give the first impress of mysterious thought
So peaceful, sweet ; yet once unknown, unsought ;
Bidding the soul its richest treasures find
In the rich banquet of a spotless mind :
Low, deep, they teach that virtue's noblest grace
Dwells where Immanuel only sees its trace.
All great, or fair, yet death is mark'd on all,
Man's daring crimes have doom'd them all to fall.
They perish, yet their blended voice will say
God's works are perfect even in decay.
And high o'er all his providence extends,
And perfect till his law in justice ends—
Till finish'd the redemption he ordain'd,
When Eden's beauty first by sin was stain'd :
Our parents driven from their native spot
In pain to toil, their hard yet well-earn'd lot ;
No longer trusted in the sacred bowers
Where pass'd their being's new created hours ;
When innocence was their's and holy joy,
And hope's fair dreams, that knew not of alloy.
Shall not the Gospel's tree of freedom stand
Until its fragrance spreads through every land—

Until the olive boughs of peace shall wave
In holy beauty o'er the truly brave?
If Satan's kingdom over all had sway,
Save the blest few who chose Immanuel's way,—
Shall not Jehovah's kingdom spread afar
Till kings and nations bow to Bethlehem's star?
Till one high theme the ransom'd world shall fill,
And through the darkness of her nature thrill,
CREATOR and REDEEMER of mankind,
The noblest theme for an immortal mind.
It shall be done: the fervent thought that burns,
The prayer of faith that for salvation yearns;
The Seraph love that smiles at pain and loss,
The Cherub knowledge that surrounds the cross,
The faith and hope that claim a nobler aim
Than that which circles Alexander's name,—
Proclaim Immanuel's kingdom yet shall be
From shore to shore, from sea to utmost sea.
How strange! of time the change, that from the clime
Once wrapt in darkest ignorance of time,
The Gospel heralds, rais'd to bless mankind,
Of diff'rent manners, but the same in mind
As those who first the flood of error stemm'd,
Whose holy zeal but with their lives could end—
Bear back the tidings whence it first arose
And dauntless bid the Mosque of Omar close;
And make the beast to tremble on his throne
And feel God's mandate tho' he will not own.
Ye christian lands who claim to worship heaven
With all the power by earnest genius given,
With all the gather'd energy of years
Roll back the torrent of a Saviour's tears:

Till Greece, and Rome, and Spain, and Canaan, be
From ignorance, delusion, terror, free.
A glorious privilege have those who stand
Commission'd, charter'd, by divine command,
To bear the tidings o'er Pacific's flood,
Where garden islands wait the law of God :
And pour the balm, the wounds of death to heal
With life's last fleeting breath their labors seal.
A glorious bed was that where William bled,
Tho' stain'd Err'manga, with the blood it shed ;
What, tho' for love he oft met hatred, strife,
His holy zeal but ended with his life :
In his lov'd Master's cause was life laid down,
And gems from southern seas adorn his crown.
The Gospel's feast spread on Columbia's plains,
And on her hills where wildest grandeur reigns
Bid all her sons, whatever clime they roam,
Till all her forest children find their home—
Still spread the feast that gathers home to God
All nations, kindreds, tongues, to own him Lord :
This simple truth that lifts the soul to heaven,
To ev'ry deathless soul with speed be given.
'Tis not by pardon, that man's hand bestows,
'Tis not by all our share of tears, and woes ;
'Tis not by deeds, of earthly glorious fame,
'Tis not by penance, we the crown can claim :
'Tis not by learning's deeply-gather'd store,
But faith in Jesus takes us safely o'er.

THE REFUGE.

1. Pleasing associations of Childhood.
2. The passing moments leaving no vestige of the Past, but memory.
3. The lesson to be learned from this.
4. The importance of parental influence—instances of it.
5. The responsibility resting on us while in youth, and opportunities of doing good.
6. The influence of good example harmonizing with our words.
7. Reflections on past time, and a remedy prescribed for our fears and anxieties.

CHILDHOOD, how deeply doth its mem'ry twine
 Around each heart, each bosom is its shrine !
 The scenes of other years may pass forgot,
 But Childhood's mem'ry never will depart---
 Tho' peace and happiness attend on life,
 Tho' worn the heart with anguish, care and strife;
 And even he, whose childhood knew most tears,
 Can claim some bright spot on its troubled years,
 On which awaken'd memory loves to dwell,
 As mix'd emotions, painful, pleasing, swell.
 A child-like nature can be free and gay,
 Each is a comrade, if he will but play
 And tell no tales, and join each sport with glee,
 From pride's distinctions then the heart is free.
 The tiny boat in little eyes so brave,
 The joyful shout as it o'ertopp'd the wave---
 The kite erected on the air to float,
 All mark its progress, every wav'ring note ;

A cry of triumph as it sweeps along,
Steady, and sure, bursts from the eager throng ;
But, if too soon, it sinks upon the ground,
Keen disappointment fills each bosom round.
All share a comrade's woe ; around him see
The little flock, with childish sympathy :
And pure and artless is the falling tear,
No affectation---childhood is sincere.
Or, if within some lone sequester'd spot,
Kind Providence has plac'd thy early lot ;
How oft will memory recal the scene,
Where thou hast with thy brothers, sisters, been.
The gather'd flowers, beneath the forest shade,
The shading tree, where thou hast with them
play'd :

And the grave visit to a sister's home,
Whilst telling all the while that thou would'st come;
The resolution made to talk no more
Until thou stood'st within thy neighbour's door ;
But soon forgot the long, long way between,
Thy flow'rets praising and thy branches green.
And even yet dost thou not think with pain
Upon some bird by cruel owlet slain,
Some wildling that thy grandsire found and gave,
And did'st thou not its pretty feathers save :
And e'en forgive it though it wish'd to stray,
And from thy care would rather be away ;
Thy little brother wept to see it fly,
And much thou fear'd it in the snow would die ;
And when regain'd, the pretty restless thing
How closely guarded was its silken wing.
A dog was thine, that shar'd each youthful glee,

One in thy sport, and who so gay as he ?
For o'er the field he'd court thy nimble feet,
Fast thou didst run, but faster his retreat.
A fawn was thine, bright spotted, and so tame,
How much thy care to give a favorite name ;
How quickly did it know thy fost'ring hand,
And how confiding by thee it would stand,
And rove with thee, and crop the flow'rets gay ;
Forget its liberty and forest play.
E'er yet its spotted coat grew brown, it died ;
Didst thou not mourn it, as thou stood'st beside ?
And buried it, that none its limbs might tear :
Thy fav'rite torn ! the thought thou couldst not bear.
The scene is chang'd, a few more years have pass'd--
Regain'd again thy childhood's home at last ;
Thy youngest brother bids thee welcome home,
O'er hill and dale, he urges thee to roam ;
Tells thee, the stone so large has larger grown--
The wood is fell'd, once with wild flow'rets strown ;
Points to the scenes of well remembered play,
And with him, ev'ry where would have thee stray.
Tho' few the years since last with garlands dress'd,
Yet changeless is the change within thy breast ;
Thou canst no more in nature's flowers array,
Tho' 'midst her brightest wildlings bid to stray.
This truth made clear, implant it in thy heart,
The scenes of childhood shortly must depart.
One Childhood only given is to man,
A mem'ry ling'ring through the longest span ;
And but in mem'ry : soon will claim the worm
Yon aged vet'ran, tott'ring o'er the tomb ;
Gone is his childhood, pass'd his days of youth,

Wither'd his prime—start thou not from the truth !
He soon must sleep beneath his native clay,
The speedy hours, for him will not delay ;
They bear him to the grave, they bear thee too,
Thy years like his, must perish from thy view.
E'er 'tis too late, then make this lesson thine,
To catch each moment of thy fleeting time ;
And rise in virtue with thy growing years,
Thy glorious privilege, a balm for tears ;
That on thy early years may lie no stain,
In after years to wring thy heart with pain.
No friend, by word or guilty deed of thine
Encourag'd, harden'd in his nature's crime.
Tho' thou repentest, thou canst not erase
Again the principles thou help'st to trace.
When Newton, * wearied out by sin and crime,
Turn'd to the Lord, that God who may be thine—
He met with one, whom once in sin he knew,
Unnumber'd yet with Christ's selected few,
Much did he strive the principle to change
He help'd to trace : he pray'd and strove in vain.
A mother's influence, to form the mind,
Reigns deep and lasting throughout all mankind.
The Spartan grew in courage at her word,
Life yielded to the glory of the sword ;
For his lov'd country bade to fight and die,
Return no more, except with victory's cry.
A mother's influence, first taught Alfred's heart,
To choose fair virtue for his better part :
With no ambition, but his country's good,
Her brightest ornament and guard he stood.

* Rev. John Newton.

Columbia's mothers—self-denying band,
Stood firm supporters of their native land ;
The son went forth to battle, proudly strong,
Join'd with delight, fair freedom's mighty throng ;
His mother's hand had arm'd him for the fight,
Her word made Liberty appear more bright;
To gain that gem his ev'ry nerve was rous'd,
And ev'ry passion to the deep one bow'd
Of Liberty, implanted in his heart,
And cherish'd there, with all a mother's art.
Paul's fav'rite grew beneath a mother's eye,
To grace the Gospel, and attain the sky.
A pious mother's prayers are heard on high,
And register'd above her ev'ry sigh ;
Her voice remember'd 'midst the scenes of sin,
Has waken'd oft the monitor within.
God through her word has bid the light arise,
That arms the soul to struggle for the skies ;
The Bible too her last, her best bequest,
Has led at last the wanderer to rest.
That Book neglected long, then higher prized,
Than all the treasures of the earth beside.
A pious parent's toils God smiles to see,
And blesses—blesses through Eternity.
Perhaps had Byron known a mother's care,
Who early taught his lips the holy prayer—
How bright his daring genius might have shone,
Fresh laurels gathering the farther known :
Had holiness adorn'd his glowing page,
New stars had grac'd it throughout ev'ry age.
Though many faults are thrown 'round Byron's name,
Yet Greece, thy gratitude that name must claim ;

And when thy heroes claim thy notes of fire,
Sound Byron's praise, upon thy noblest Lyre.
Man longs for fame, but softer would he sleep,
Unknown, forgotten, in the mighty deep
Of dark oblivion's stream, than leave a name,
That tho' it glitters on the field of fame,
Yet leaves no influence to raise the soul,
And point it upwards to its native goal.
Cowper was gifted, and his themes were wise,
"The son of parents pass'd into the skies."
Did he disgrace them in his long career?
Or, have his pages ever caused a tear?
If they have rais'd one, it was feeling's gem
More dear to Heaven, than brightest diadem;
From virtue's path he never leads astray,
But points the glory of her heavenly way.
How plain at first must be instruction kind,
To plant the principle that forms the mind;
The first instructions sink into the breast,
More deeply buried there than all the rest.
The principle well rooted, that our days
Were never given for wild folly's maze;
But that the total of our being's aim,
To glorify the Father through the Son—
Rise to that happiness, man longs to know,
Yet seeks in fountains whence it cannot flow—
Will never change; too fix'd, too deep, to move,
Though Atheists laugh—and Infidels reprove.
'Tis true the lips may learn to smile at sin,
But outrag'd conscience still will cry within;
The anxious sigh will wring the tortur'd heart,
O'er scenes of peace departed, not forgot.

It is the parent's charge to form the mind,
To all that's gentle, virtuous and kind ;
Teach under God the war with sin to wage,
And raise more Wesley's for the future age.
How beautiful in childhood is the deed
Of kindness done, tho' but a bird should need,
When winter puts his cold bright mantle on,
A crumb, or shelter from the bursting storm ;
Unto the child who early learn'd to spare
The wild bird's nest, and not the plunder share ;
Tho' others dar'd to take the sacred prize,
How dark the deed ! how odious in his eyes !
Fearless he points, the trembling parent nigh
And boldly warns that Jesus hears their cry.
Yet still more lovely in the infant mind,
The fervent wish to be both good and kind ;
The simple prayers from infant lips that rise,
That God so great, so holy, good, and wise,
Would please to send the Gospel's tidings far,
That all the world might know the Saviour's star ;
And weep, and pity, when the wretched sigh,
And strive, and long to soothe their misery.
More might be Howard's, if they would but strive,
In all the works of holiness to rise :
'Tis deeds of kindness that enlarge the soul,
Until its love extends from pole to pole,
When childhood's ignorance hath passed away,
And growing reason ushers in her day:
'Tis then our influence begins to spread,
Nor ceases till we rest among the dead.
Does it rest then ? if we on earth could see
Its lasting weight throughout Eternity—

Would not the deepness of our trust of time,
 Rouse ev'ry soul to bow at Jesu's shrine ;
 Yet, 'tis as real, as if our deeds should rise
 With all their influence before our eyes :
 And known this truth, is it not time to spread
 The truth to others, who, to truth are dead ?
 And in the image of our risen Lord,
 Firmly decided in the cause of God—
 Unmov'd through life, perform our rightful part
 'To spread the Gospel's truth to ev'ry heart.
 God gives us life, that we may gain his rest,
 He lengthens it that others may be blest ;
 He spares the aged, whilst the young decline,
 As pious Newell did in life's best prime ;
 But done her task, she shunn'd no toil for him
 The conqueror of death, and hell and sin ;
 Triumphant victor o'er the conquer'd grave,
 She glorified her Saviour's power to save.
 'Tis fearless courage in the cause of truth,
 With meekness join'd the ornament of youth ;
 'Tis faith, love, meekness, that no foe can quell
 If life be God's, then life or death is well.
 Childhood departs, and youth is quickly gone,
 Moment by moment months and years roll on ;
 Yet death is swifter than the course of time,
 Age follows youth yet may be never thine.
 Hast thou not seen the young and fair decay,
 Tho' beautiful, forbid on earth to stay ?
 The dearest cherish'd, tempt the darts of death,
 Yet, tends he watchful over ev'ry breath ;
 If such the case, and death must be our doom,
 And all alike are destin'd to the tomb ;

Is it not time to rise and work to-day,
And rise triumphant o'er life's rugged way ?
Cast in our mite to call the wanderers home,
Who far astray, yet blinded farther roam ?
Display the light and from despair and shame
Bring back the drunkard to his rightful name ?
If man would mark them, countless are the ways
On him bestow'd to spread Immanuel's praise.
But oft the tongue alone performs the deed
And words the only balm for hearts that bleed.
Will words alone the test of justice stand ?
Will they fulfil the Gospel's high command ?
No : let thy thoughts be pure, thy actions right,
With these essentials let thy words unite
In holy harmony, by faith upheld,
Till all thy foes by conq'ring grace are quell'd ;
Till all the Saviour's beauty is thine own,
His robe of righteousness around thee thrown :
His perfect image stamp'd upon thy heart,
His will, thy glory, his command thy part.
Roll back thy mem'ry o'er thy early years,
And scan its joys, its anguish and its tears ;
Doth not the heart its weight of sorrow know ?
O ! none but God can measure human woe ;
How oft doth mis'ry shrink from ev'ry eye,
Nor tell its presence even by a sigh ;
Whilst on the youthful heart is anguish thrown,
And hope's fair visions seem for ever flown ;
And when again the light of hope appears,
And mem'ry scarcely keeps the transient tears ;
When once again the rays of pleasure beam,
And all before looks tranquil and serene,

Thy hope again will disappointment sweep
 Away, and thou again art left to weep.
 Thus on from youth to prime and hoary age,
 "One by one our glorious visions fade."
 Tho' often crush'd, yet, if with vict'ry crown'd
 Thy hopes at last and thou by fame renown'd
 For wealth, and happiness, and worldly ease,
 And thou hast all that can thy fancy please.
 Have all thy pleasures been without alloy?
 Or is thy pathway ever crown'd with joy?
 No, is the answer, and must ever be,
 For thou hast griefs known but to God and thee.
 How is it that the aged with regret
 Look back to youth, and all its griefs forget?
 Whilst all its joys felt transient then and void,
 Are treasur'd up as pure and unalloy'd.
 How happy they, who have in early youth,
 Left the world's shrine, and own'd the shrine of
 truth!
 Who humbly thankful for all heaven bestows,
 When o'er their head appears the cloud of woes—
 Can look beyond, to where he reigns supreme,
 Who tasted once of misery's deepest stream;
 And feel their refuge strong, their Saviour nigh,
 To bless each tear, and consecrate each sigh.
 Go seek for holiness; if that be thine,
 Then thou mayst smile at all the storms of time;
 For lo! a refuge is for thee prepar'd,
 By all the ransom'd of Immanuel shar'd;
 A shield to guard thee when the storm is nigh,
 And all thy refuge seems to be, to die;
 Yet even death is welcom'd by the good,

For on its threshold once Immanuel stood ;
Once from its arms, triumphant rose on high,
To gild the Christian's pathway to the sky
With wisdom's holy and unerring light,
That still directs, till faith is lost in sight.
Where persecution's songs of triumph sound,
To raise the martyr's faith, that light is found,
In glory bright'ning to each faithful soul,
Whose last high words through countless years shall
roll ;

Embalm'd and written on each faithful heart,
In thrilling beauty never to depart.
If o'er thy head temptation's waves have broke,
And disappointment scatter'd ev'ry hope ;
If grief, and wrong, have bow'd thy soul and tried,
Still in the counsels of thy God confide ;
If sin hath wearied, in that fountain's wave
That can enrich, and purify, and save—
Haste thou to plunge, till all thy sins are lost,
And thou no more by nature's tempest tost.
Sorrows upon the cup of life are strewn,
Oft on our purest joys is darkness thrown ;
For all is transitory and untrue,
Except that refuge for which all may sue,
And all may gain, by faith's celestial fire,
Through it may all to holiest joys aspire ;
In honour rise to that celestial mind
That Jesus wills to stamp upon mankind !
And raise them to that glorious estate,
Where all may own as refuge, high and great,
Man's great Redeemer ; and the sure reward,
Of all who own him as their risen Lord.

THE DYING CHIEF.

[Among some of the North American Indians, there is a tradition that the Great Spirit will come sometime in the East, and raise the dead. They desire to be buried with their faces towards the East that they may see him when he comes ; those that commit suicide are buried in the contrary way, being thought unworthy to behold the Great Spirit.]

A song rose from the lowly bed,
The chieftain's bed of death ;
In the deep tones of his native tongue,
He pour'd his latest breath.

Oh, Bury me not ! as those who die,
By their own self-will decrees ;
In the dark grave I would not rest
If I should lie as these.

But bury me towards the east,
Where shines the rising sun ;
That I the Spirit's ray may see,
When his great day shall come.

I fought the field of battle well,
My earthly course is run ;
Then bury me towards the east,
My face to the rising sun.

My step no more on earth shall chase
The wild deer, elk and roe ;
This arm no more my bark shall guide
Upon the swift stream's flow.

But fleeter elk and bounding deer,
In that land where I go,
I shall chase, than ever here on earth,
With my heavenly spear and bow.

The forests there are green and gay,
Of green, that never fades ;
And flowers there forever bloom,
By streams, and forest shades.

'Tis glorious where my fathers dwell,
And where the spirit reigns ;
Friends, kindred, children, all adieu !
I go to blissful scenes.

The hand of death is on me now,
I feel his iron come ;
My warriors, make my place of rest,
Towards the rising sun.

Then closed the chieftain's wild dark eye,
That mark'd with eagle gaze
The foeman in his covert sly,
The wild deer in the chase.

And silent on his lowly bier,
That graceful form was laid ;
The arm that strung the warrior's bow,
By death's stern sleep was stay'd.

But on his brow in deep repose,
The Indian mind was trac'd ;
Its proud unchanging stern resolve,
E'en death had not eras'd*.

* It is said the Indian warriors when they are dying, fix their features in a firm immovable posture, whilst they chant their death-song.

THE DEATH BED.

[Composed on reading an affecting piece in the Temperance Advocate.]

“ OH, raise my fainting head,” he said,
 “ And on thy bosom lay ;
 My dying hour is come at length,
 And I must pass away.

“ Why dost thou weep, sweet mother,
 That I so soon must fly ;
 To realms we oft have talk’d about
 The realms of bliss and joy.

“ Why do you weep that now on earth,
 You have a son to-day ;
 To-morrow one in other worlds,
 Where joys forever stay.

“ You cannot live dear mother,
 When from this world I go ;
 In a better land I’ll welcome you,
 When freed from ev’ry woe.”

Then heavier sank his dying head,
 Upon her throbbing heart ;
 She listen’d all was cold and stiff,
 Her’s was a lifeless part.

And there alone, beside the dead,
That tender mother knelt ;
In the lone sad feeling of the heart,
When of all hope bereft.

And there, beside her son's death bed,
The wretched father stood ;
Upon his brow, disease and shame,
Mark'd by the wine cup's mood.

Then wildly from her dead son's side,
The heart-wrung mother rose ;
And on his arm she laid her hand,
And sternly thus she spoke :—

“ Dost thou behold that pallid face,
And know what chang'd its hue
From the bright, the rosy bloom of health,
To that cold and deadly blue ?

“ Dost thou not know what stain'd his cheek,
With the flush of shame and woe ?
Doth not thy guilty conscience strike,
And own that it was you ?”

Then turning round once more, she clasp'd
The cold and breathless frame ;
And over it in wild despair,
She pour'd her sorrowing strain.

“ How could I part with thee my best !
My good, my true, my brave !
How can I lay thy much lov'd form
In the cold and dreary grave !”

“Why didst thou leave me to this lone,
This wild despair of heart !
Return, my loveliest, return,
Or let me share thy part !”

And there the father stood, he heard,
And forth he rushed again ;
He rushed, O ! whither did he rush ?
Back to the revel's reign.

Yes, in that cup, that had brought all
This anguish, guilt and shame ;
He sought in phrenzy wild, to drown
The thoughts of guilt and blame.

Oh, fatal spirit, foe of man !
Thy love, his darkest, deadliest bane ;
Why wert thou ever call'd divine ?
To hide the terror of thy reign ?

SALADIN.

[The great Chief Saladin, after he had subdued Egypt, passed the Euphrates, retaken Jerusalem, and performed other great exploits, finished his life, by an act which deserves to be remembered. Just before he expired, he called the herald who had carried his banner before him in all his battles, and commanded him to fasten to a lance the shroud in which he was soon to be buried. "Go," said he, "carry the lance, unfurl the banner, and as you lift it up, proclaim 'this is all that remains of the glory of Saladin, the Great.'"]

He had conquer'd, he had conquer'd,
Full many an ancient plain ;
And many a captive band had led,
In bitter galling chain.

An earthly glorious diadem.
Long, long had deck'd his brow ;
And death oft came at his command,
Thus low, why laid he now ?

'Twas death, that spares not kingly breath,
That stood in dark array ;
Beside the once bold Emperor's couch,
And summon'd him away.

For death the stateliest form will bow,
The proudest mind bring down ;
And those who triumph, those who weep,
All ! all ! must meet his frown.

He spoke, " my standard bearer come,
Thou who hast borne, and long
Through fields of blood my banner bold,
With faithful arm and strong.

Upon the war-lance place my shroud,
Once more, at my command ;
The mandate that I bid thee, tell
To all my conquering band.

" Go take my standard forth again,
Unfurl my banner far ;
That all my empire's sons may know,
The end of all my war.

" Proclaim it, go proclaim it,
Through city, hill and plain ;
It will not be a victory,
But thus shall be the strain :

" ' Of Saladin the emperor,
The mighty, conquering chief ;
Of all the glory he has won,
Owns but a winding sheet ! ' "

He died as dies a worm of earth,
He pass'd from all away ;
And thus must ev'ry monarch bow
And yield to death, his sway.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. I. T. B. ---

THOU hast pass'd away, meek, gentle one,
 From suff'ring fled afar ;
 And left the worn-out frame of earth,
 To be as angels are.
 Thy soul is safe, where saints in light,
 Around their Saviour stand ;
 And the bless'd name of Jesus sounds
 From all the ransom'd band.

And yet another voice pours forth,
 A glad, a sweetly joyful sound ;
 It rises 'midst the spotless throng,
 From yet another lost and found.
 Who give to Jesus endless praise,
 Oh ! who can spread that name too far !
 " Whose love can make the dying bed,
 More soft than downy pillows are."

And thou hast prov'd it, prov'd it true,
 When thy frail frame with sickness strove ;
 Yet sure was thy pure spirit's stay,
 A dying Saviour's changeless love ;
 Now freed from trial, safely freed,
 A star in brightest glory crown'd ;
 Thou need'st not care tho' many weep,
 As they thy lowly grave surround.

And dust to dust, and earth to earth,
 All to this summons must bow down ;
 And happy they who gain a place,
 Where thou a lasting home hast found :
 And still the glorious way is plain,
 By faith in our Redeemer's blood ;
 His footsteps by his power we trace,
 The path he gave for sinners lov'd.

And though earth's shadows bear us down,
 And dark temptations fiercely try ;
 'Tis then we shall receive the crown,
 If on his goodness we rely.
 Then let us for that faith contend,
 That once on earth to saints was given---
 Like thee ; that when our journey ends,
 Our treasures may be found in Heaven.

S T A N Z A S ,

Composed on seeing E. H. sitting on her Mother's knee, and
looking in her Father's face, when about three months old.

She sat upon her mother's knee,
In infant beauty bright ;
And gaz'd upon her father's face,
With innocent delight.

The fairness of the lily,
Upon her cheek was trac'd ;
And smiles of artless innocence,
Her infant features grac'd.

Her little hands were clos'd and rais'd,
In Nature's thoughtless way ;
And on the whiteness of her brow,
No grief or care did stray.

An emblem of that innocence,
Which Christ's bless'd word doth shew ;
" Ye must as little children be,
E'er ye my face can know."

If they are God's, they'll add a gem,
To gild the crown that I shall wear ;
But if I e'er forsake his love,
They'll plunge me deeper in despair.

Then gird on me the armour Lord,
Such as thy holy ones have worn ;
True knowledge pour upon my soul,
Nor let me from thy arms be torn.

Thy glorious beauty, Jesus give,
The heart's deep feelings, make them thine;
Till my impurity shall fade,
Thy perfect image Lord is mine !

ON THE DEATH OF E. H.

Thou sleepest, much lov'd baby,
 With stern unyielding death ;
 In life's young early morning,
 He snatch'd thy early breath.

E'er well thy lamp was lighted,
 The oil refus'd to burn ;
 And angels gladly whisper'd,
 " Sweet baby, home return."

Thy pilgrimage was over soon,
 And glory decks thy brow ;
 We have no cause for weeping,
 We should not mourn thee now.

We should let thee calmly slumber,
 Where soon we all must lie ;
 And onwards urge our journey,
 To meet thee in the sky.

And who would deem that sin could stain,
 A form so brightly fair ;
 Or that the heart's corruption,
 Should ever linger there.

Yet e'en that form so beautiful,
 That soul so sweetly gay ;
 Must claim a Father's dying love,
 To pave to Heaven its way.

THE METEOR.

Where has the passing Meteor fled,
 So swiftly from the sky ?
 It flash'd but for a moment,
 It glitter'd but to die.

Amid its bright companions,
 Will it not rise again--
 And shine once more in beauty
 Upon the ether plain ?

Yet downwards from the vaulted arch,
 It sped its glancing light ;
 As if to add its trembling ray,
 To gild the hour of night.

Yet high in yonder heav'n,
 Its comrades hold their course ;
 Though dim clouds sweep beneath them,
 As if to hide their force.

So when a soul departing,
 For heavenly glory bright,--
 Flies swiftly to its Saviour's breast,
 And draws away its light.

Yet still its wand'ring kindred,
 Their upward journey ply ;
 Though clouds may hover round them,
 And fierce temptations try.

They have a deathless diadem,
A fadeless crown in view ;
A changeless light to lead them on,
Unto that kingdom true.

That power which still in order,
Each star of Heaven doth keep ;
Displaying far its wonders,
In yon blue ether deep.

And when their forms lie sleeping,
Beneath their native clay ;
Their words and deeds will follow them,
Swift as the Meteor's ray.

1842.

HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY ARE.

The broad blue arch of Heaven,
 With scarce a cloud to mar ;
 The sun's refulgent flood of light,
 How beautiful they are !

The wild bird's morning measure,
 Pour'd on the air afar ;
 The forest's waving verdure,
 How beautiful they are !

The sober hues of autumn,
 That ev'ry wind doth mar ;
 That tell us plainly all must die,
 How beautiful they are !

The page of ancient story,
 That tells of darksome war ;
 To eyes that love its mazes,
 How beautiful they are !

The smiles of infant loveliness,
 Where guilt can claim no scar ;
 To minds that read their story,
 How beautiful they are.

The lines that point to brighter worlds
 Where beams the morning star ;
 To hearts renew'd by grace divine,
 How beautiful they are !

O, may our hearts be turn'd indeed,
 From sinful thoughts afar ;
 That we with all the good may know
 How beautiful they are !

SUMMER EVENING REFLECTIONS.

—
The summer's eve is beautiful,
When night-mists rise on high ;
And robes of solemn stillness,
Are thrown o'er all the sky.

And earth shows forth her loveliness,
Beneath the moon's pale ray ;
And stars from their far distance,
Their silver light display.

'Tis beauty that bows down the heart,
And lifts the soul to prayer ;
For in such works of loveliness,
Oh is not Jesus there !

To pardon and to purify,
To fit for realms of light ;
More fair than all the loveliness
Now bursting on the sight.

This earthly scene with all its glow,
Will pass with time's swift years away ;
But this night's thoughts are borne to heav'n
In changeless record there to stay.

On earth thou wast a fragile flower,
But now thou canst not fade ;
Yet brighter will thy glory be,
'Tis well thou hast not stayed.

ONS.
The grass will grow above thee,
The tempest o'er thee rave ;
But nought will break the slumber
Of thy low peaceful grave.

Until the last dread trumpet,
Shall bid the dead awake ;
Then thou wilt rise in beauty,
And thy flight to Jesus take.

And he will smile thee welcome,
To his eternal rest ;
And in thy blood-wash'd garment,
Thou wilt be forever dress'd.

How happy are the dead who die,
When life has first begun ;
To leave this dreary wilderness,
For an eternal sun.

Then Emily, thou art welcome,
To sleep beneath the clay ;
Rest tranquil, lovely baby,
Till that last solemn day---

When all the children of the earth,
Must stand before the throne ;
And blessed are the dead who die,
With trust in Christ alone.

7 ;
v'd

L I N E S ,

Presented to Miss S. W., with some Spring Flowers, May, 1843.

Sarah, to thee, those flowers I give,
That op'd their leaves to-day ;
They were welcom'd by the sunshine,
Of the genial month of May.

They had no hand to tend them,
But their Maker's kindly care ;
He sent them to adorn our woods,
And make our spring more fair.

As if to bless the source of life,
How bright is their display,
Of pink, and white, and azure blue,
Before the opening day.

They are an emblem of our state,
Of youth, of prime and age ;
And when our course is finish'd, we
Like them will quit the stage.

Their forms will quickly wither,
Their bright leaves fade away ;
But affection in the christian's heart,
Must see eternal day.

And then dear friend, though small the gift,
Thou wilt not let them fade ;
But let them live whilst they can live,
And love them for the giver's sake.

L I N E S .

1843.

Presented to Mr. and Mrs. S., on the death of their only daughter.

She was the only cherish'd one,
 The only binding tie ;
 To claim affection's deepest thought,
 Or cause paternal joy.

What wonder then that she was lov'd,
 Or that the bursting sigh,
 Should tell of anguish keen and deep,
 When she was call'd to die.

Yet think when Nature feels its loss,
 The God who rules on high ;
 The boon his goodness did bestow,
 His mercy does deny.

It was the power that cannot err,
 That bade affliction try ;
 The power that cannot be unkind,
 That call'd her to the sky.

How fleeting are the scenes of time,
 How swift life's transient ray ;
 And rolling ages still confirm,
 That all must pass away.

ft,

Monarchs have bow'd them to the dust,
 That loftiest were in state ;
 And dark the cloud of mystery hangs
 Above the buried great.

Then should we mourn for ransom'd ones,
Who claim a joyful rest--
Array'd in Jesu's righteousness,
Forever safe and bless'd ?

Then, tho' ye weep, in sorrow weep,
Yet let your grateful praise
Ascend to him who from the grave,
Your child will surely raise.

Short will her slumbers be in death,
Death soon must yield his prey ;
Fight the good fight and hail with her,
In Christ the Judgment Day.

1843.

LINES TO A LITTLE BOY.

To thee, my little cousin,
I give this pencil'd flower ;
And on thee I bestow those lines,
Made in an hasty hour.

I would not have thee prize it much,
'Tis but a paltry tie ;
But I would have thee set thy mind,
On themes beyond the sky.

Hast thou beheld the flow'rets fade,
That deck our northern clime ;
And seen the green leaves pass away,
With our fair Autumn's prime?

Thou hast: though few have been thy years,
And swift their moments fled ;
Yet e'er another spring returns,
Thou mayest lie with the dead.

Then seek that power that well can save,
From sin and dangers wild ;
For Jesus died for thee, dear boy,
And ev'ry little child.

And he will guide thee safely
Unto the glorious bowers,
Where happy ransom'd children
Gather the living flowers.

Then seek him early in thy youth,
Lay ev'ry passion by ;
And be a bright and shining star,
Firm fighting for the sky.

Then though thy pilgrimage be long,
Or short, thy transient stay ;
Thou wilt not fear when death shall come,
To lay thee in the clay.

That thou mayst gain eternal rest,
Will be thy cousin's prayer ;
And where the Saviour crowns his lambs,
Strive Robert to be there.

1843.

TRUST IN GOD.

When cast upon temptation's wave,
 And foes unseen around me rave ;
 This changeless truth my soul shall cheer.
 My Father God, is always near.

When friends the dearest, and the best,
 Are hurried to their long deep rest ;
 This still shall cheer my fainting heart,
 My Father God will not depart.

When those on whom my soul relies,
 As virtuous, gentle, good and wise ;
 Prove dross, and cause my heart to ache,
 My Father God will not forsake.

When grief no human eye can see,
 And darkest gloom compasses me ;
 On this my wearied soul shall dwell,
 My Father God does all things well.

Thy hand in all things may I see,
 And still direct my course to thee ;
 And though unnumber'd evils try,
 On God my Father still rely.

The grave will soon above me close,
 This form in death's stern sleep repose ;
 Then may my treasures ever be,
 O God ! my Father plac'd in thee.

SUPPLICATION.

O Thou! who hear'st the suppliant's prayer,
 And mark'st thy children when they cry ;
 When dark temptations would o'ercome,
 Be thou my great protector nigh.

Thou know'st there is no help in man,
 His heart would lead him still to fall ;
 O! be Thou then, my guardian Lord,
 Let me be nothing, Thou be all.

O bid me lose my trust in flesh,
 O make me lose my hold of sin ;
 And where corruption long hath dwelt,
 O God, my Saviour enter in.

O! be my stubborn will subdu'd,
 And made to own thy mandate just ;
 And in thy arm of righteousness,
 There only may I put my trust.

From pride that deadly pleasing sin,
 Oh, save my ev'ry action Thou ;
 Anoint me with the Gilead balm,
 And firmly bind each sacred vow.

Then may I see in ev'ry storm,
 That clouds my weak and erring way ;
 And still by faith's supporting pow'r,
 Upon thy changeless promise stay.

When health and happiness attend,
Still may my soul be turn'd to thee ;
For should not all my soul be thine,
When thou didst give thyself for me.

It is from thee, from thee alone,
My life, my endless being flows ;
Redeem'd from everlasting death,
When from the grave my Saviour rose.

Then 'tis to thee my heart should turn,
Warm'd by thy Holy Spirit's fire ;
To pour my soul, in ceaseless prayer,
Till thou shalt all my soul inspire.

TEMPERANCE LINES.

Waft, waft ye winds, the joyful sound,
 To ev'ry land the tidings bear ;
 Far as the Gospel's light shall flow,
 Erect thy standard Temperance fair.

Religion's sister onwards press,
 With dauntless courage clear thy way ;
 Nor ever tire or think to rest,
 Till all shall own thy gentle sway.

Daughter of mercy speed thy course,
 Thine armour gild with conquests new ;
 And lo ! the mother's deepest prayer,
 The father's blessing pours for you.

The wife's warm prayer for thee will swell,
 With fervour to the throne of God ;
 O would that all thy powers would wake,
 To break the Demon's iron rod.

Children already crowd thy path,
 And sisters gladly urge thy sway ;
 And brothers bid thy banner rise,
 Then fearless keep thee on thy way,

What tho' the Spectre's bands will laugh,
 Thou oft shalt snatch them from his thrall
 When freed from his dread chain at last,
 They'll urge thee on to gather all.

Go on, and lo ! to aid thee comes,
 Thy sister with her milder day ;
 With palms and crowns of glory bright,
 Speed, speed thy course, beneath her sway.

TO A SISTER.

S. I would not have thee sad,
 Or check thy spirit to be gay ;
 But let discretion guide its course,
 And gentle prudence pour its sway.

I have spent hours in trifling too,
 And bitterly I've mourn'd their loss ;
 I could have gather'd treasures then,
 But did I? No : I gather'd dross.

I know thou dost not think it harm,
 But then the hours to trifling giv'n ;
 If spent in reading, prayer and praise,
 Would fill thy mind with thoughts of heav'n.

And then reflect in after years,
 When heavier cares are on thee press'd ;
 How sweet the well-learn'd Word of God,
 Will give thy wearied spirit rest.

Now is thy time to gather all
 The knowledge that thou well canst gain ;
 'Tis mine, and may it be improv'd,
 That our bright hours may leave no stain.

To add a thorn to after years,
 When youth's bright laughing spring is pass'd ;
 Or bid remorse, repentance rise
 If early in the tomb we're cast.

Companion of my early days,
One of my dearest ties to earth ;
Together let us walk the path,
That leads to holy sinless mirth.

And when I bow before the throne
Of heaven's high king, I'll sue for thee ;
And O, my sister ! may I claim
From thee one prayer, one tear for me.

Dec. 1843.

TO A FRIEND, AT HER REQUEST.

If it will bind our hearts in love,
 Or raise our faith to trust ;
 To praise him for his mercies giv'n,
 Or patience to endure his rod.

How gladly will I write those lines,
 But Emma thou must bear their faults ;
 I cannot claim perfection here,
 But in high Heaven 'twill be my lot.

Is it not sweet to bow the knee,
 And pour our prayers before the throne ;
 And know that they together rise,
 And that they are by Jesus own'd ?

Is it not manna to the soul,
 To hear the Gospel in its pow'r ;
 To build by faith in Jesus' love,
 And know 'tis our accepted hour?

Who though the powers of darkness wait,
 And round us cast their fearful thrall ;
 Yet let our faith in triumph rise,
 Our God is greater than them all.

The armour that he clothes us with,
 Grows but the brighter through their rage ;
 The glorious shield of living faith,
 Can all their fiercest wrath engage.

Then let us throw our doubts aside,
From depths of grace to deeper grow ;
Though doubts and fears obscure our way
Yet to the arms of Jesus go.

" Yes, as the children of a king,"
As those who hope to wear a crown ;
Be valiant at our God's command,
And strive to raise his great renown.

Our only wish to spread his praise,
And make the hearts of men his home ;
'Till by the conquer'd power of death,
He opes the passage to our home.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.

Composed on hearing Mr. B., lecture on Temperance, Jan. 15, 1844

Yes with that sword with Samson's strength,
Tear all his reasons from the foe ;
All Nature and all Nature's God
Are join'd to lay the Demon low.

His strongest towers now threat to fall,
And soon they'll sink in infamy ;
If all the Temp'rance heralds stand,
Unshaken at their posts like thee.

To bid the drunkard burst his chain,
And make the fallen strong and free ;
To shout where Temp'rance banners rise,
The Sword of God and Gideon see.

To raise the moral standard high,
To quench the dark streams burning flow ;
To bind in never yielding chain,
The crime that ev'ry crime doth sow.

But not in dark Oblivion's chain,
Too good to seal the tyrant's doom ;
But write it on historic page,
With all its blackness, all its gloom.

And when the good, the brave, the true,
That scorn'd his wrath, are silent laid ;
The noble bands of after years
Will triumph thro' their faithful aid.

And when the Gospel gathers all
Within its reign, that cannot cease ;
One Mighty, Glorious, Temp'rance band,
Will own this beautiful world in peace.

THE ROSE.

Written for a Friend on a given subject.

A rose my Harriet thou hast seen,
 In many a poet's line ;
 But yet I will at thy request,
 Now place it in my rhyme.

Doth it not yield a rich perfume,
 More lasting than its bloom ;
 As merit that survives the dead
 And gilds the silent tomb.

Thus then from Nature's flow'ry reign,
 May we not something learn ;
 And merit though in humble guise
 With candid minds discern.

The Tulip varied, sprightly, gay,
 Attracts the passing eye ;
 But what remains when pass'd its hour,
 And all its colours fly.

The lily, modest, graceful, fair,
 Like some superior mind ;
 With dignity not pride it stands
 A moral for mankind.

The Minionette no beauty claims,
 To feast the eager sight ;
 Yet lovelier is its humble worth
 Than many a flow'ret bright.

The Violet lowly, gentle, sweet,
Unconscious of its grace ;
It knows not that its azure hue
With that of heav'n has place.

The Heartsease little faithful flower,
Its ev'ry colour keeps ;
When gentle Zephyr waves his wing,
Or when rude Boreas sweeps.

But Harriet, in the rose we see,
Scent, colour, form, combin'd ;
May more than all the rose's worth
Be planted in thy mind !

Yes, Harriet, may the image bright,
Be clearly seen in thee ;
Of Him who groan'd on Calvary,
And died for thee and me.

TO E. B.

Elizabeth when Harriet claims,
 The blooming rose from me ;
 What other flow'ret is there left,
 To send a verse to thee.

I'll give the first wild flower of Spring,
 So gentle, sweet and fair ;
 Uprais'd from its lone wintry bed,
 By Spring's first balmy air.

Then with the Violet's innocence,
 Its gentle worth has place ;
 Unconscious that it is the first,
 Of all the forest's race.

The Hyacinth so beautiful,
 So fearless shall be thine ;
 The Snow-drop to thy roseate I'll add
 The Lilach, Eglantine.

The Pink, thy garland too shall deck,
 With all its colours bright ;
 The Morning-Glory welcoming
 The Sun's arising light.

And more than all those flow'rets worth,
 And a more lasting name
 Be thine, Elizabeth, through life,
 In death, a nobler name.

And mayst thou with thy Harriet,
 And all thou lov'st arise ;
 Triumphant from the tomb of death,
 To mansions in the skies.

January 1844.

TO MRS. J. H., ON THE BIRTH OF HER
DAUGHTER.

A mother's sacred care is thine,
A holy charge to thee is given ;
Another tie to claim thy prayers,
And bid thee seek the path of heav'n.

Around thy Daughter's infant head,
May guardian Angels ever tend ;
May virtue grace her early years,
And piety till life shall end.

The flowers of Spring will soon appear,
The leaves once more adorn the trees ;
Nature will wear her vernal robe,
Dearer thy blossom is than these.

The flowers will fade, the leaves will fall,
The vernal robe will disappear ;
In glowing life no more to bloom,
When winter rushes on the year.

But in a Spring that knows no end,
Adorn'd in robes of spotless light ;
Thy Daughter may at last appear,
When broken is death's transient night.

If snatch'd in infancy away,
From dark'ning clouds of ill to come ;
O, cherish not ! repining grief,
The Saviour's bosom is her home.

If spar'd to thee, be it thy care
To train her for the courts of day ;
The sure reward, the certain hope
Of all who tireless choose the way.

Immanuel seal'd in lines of blood,
In agony on Calvary ;
And by the storm his soul that fill'd,
When prostrate in Gethsemane.

May happiness be thine through life,
The christian's hope to soothe thy breast ;
Beyond the tomb a fadeless crown,
In Christ an everlasting rest !

Spring, 1844.

TO MR. AND MRS. H.

On their departure to the West, on a Christian Mission, July 1, 1841

Amid the Western wilderness,
Columbia's natives roam ;
Instruction's light is cold and dim,
In their lone ancient home.

Where once the Indian's Chieftain rul'd,
The White man proudly reigns ;
The Red men fade from earth away,
Before the stranger's claims.

Forgotten is the resting place,
Of Warriors fiercely brave ;
The song of vict'ry swells no more,
O'er their once forest grave.

Low are the deep wild forests laid,
That long in grandeur smil'd ;
Where once the Indian cabin stood,
There is the marble pil'd.

From many a nobly vaulted roof,
The nobler anthem peal'd ;
And men in worship bow'd to God,
And sought his will reveal'd.

But darker grew the cloud of gloom,
Above the Indian's head ;
And error upon error pil'd,
His wand'ring footsteps led.

'Till rous'd at last, the Church of God,
From sinful slumb'ring woke ;
With power, and zeal, and faith, and love,
To lift the heathen's yoke.

Strong with the self-denying band,
Who bear Immanuel's cross ;
And for his love divinely fair,
Count all earth's treasures dross.

To spread amidst the Western wilds,
The breath of Gospel peace ;
As in the North your voice was heard
Commanding sin to cease.

Is it your firm, your high resolve,
Unmov'd by toil or pain ?
Then go : the Prince of Peace is nigh
To cherish and sustain.

Go add new jewels to the crown,
Prepar'd for you on high ;
That much may be your praise of God,
When free to seek the sky.

And in the glorious realms of love,
O, may I meet with you ;
To sound the wonders of his grace.
In songs forever new.

Treasures I cannot wish you more,
Than Jesus can bestow ;
His love the recompense of all
You suffer here below.

TO MISS J. A., MRS. H'S SISTER.

Jane, in that far land whence you go,
 The flowers will bloom as fair,
 And soft will be the breath of spring,
 As in thy native air.

And rich will be the deep'ning shade
 Of forests widely spread,
 The vine will love to weave its bower
 Of beauty o'er your head.

Descending from their mountain height,
 Through many wand'rings led,
 The rivers of the west will pour,
 To seek their ocean bed.

The sun will cast his setting rays,
 Upon the floating cloud,
 And sink in glorious light away,
 Beneath his ev'ning shroud.

The moon will rise in majesty,
 The stars will gild the sky,
 But friends, connexions long endear'd,
 There will not meet thine eye.

Changes upon thy native spot,
 Will pass as time rolls by,
 And o'er the mem'ry of the lov'd,
 Oblivion's shades must lie.

Then seek that power that well can shield
Thy head through ev'ry woe,
Resolv'd to meet with those above,
So dearly lov'd below.

We part, but yet our prayers can rise,
To God's celestial hill,
Be it our aim through life to do,
His just and holy will.

That when our pilgrimage is done,
Our spirits may ascend,
To give Immanuel honors due,
Our being's glorious end.

Whitchurch, July, 1844.

LINES WRITTEN FOR MRS. E. K.

Long promis'd, long delay'd this verse to thee,
 But now begun, what shall the subject be,
 Not the loud thunder tho' I hear it crash,
 And not the light'ning tho' I see it flash,
 And not the forest tho' I love its shade,
 And not the streamlet winding through the glade,
 And not all nature tho' so good and fair,
 A higher nobler theme shall be my care.
 'Tis nature's God that bids the thunder crash,
 'Tis nature's God that bids the lightnings flash,
 'Tis nature's God who keeps the forest's pride,
 'Tis nature's God who guides the streamlet's tide ;
 Yet once in Bethlehem low his head was laid,
 Once in Gethsemane he groan'd and pray'd,
 Once on the cross he bow'd his head and died,
 Slain by his creatures' daring impious pride,
 He laid his glory not his power aside,
 Hast thou not felt it in temptation's tide ?
 How lost is man how sunken and how vile,
 Till rais'd from nature through Immanuel's smile!
 Then seeks the soul for wisdom's healing balm,
 Then faith beholds the crown of promise beam,
 And tho' temptation's billows loudly rave,
 Beholds above the flood the arm to save.

And may that arm be thine through life's dark sea,
 For well I know its trials wait on thee,

But still in faith go on nor ere give o'er
Till conqueror at last thou gain'st the shore ;
The cross with patience borne, ensures the crown,
May faith be thine the fear of man to drown,
And with the children that thy God has given,
And all thou lovest mayst thou meet in heaven ;
And wilt thou pray that when the thunders roll,
And God's fierce lightning pierces to the pole---
When in the heavens the great white throne appears
And earth gives up the dead of long past years,
That with Immanuel's chosen I may rise,
In spotless robes to hail him in the skies.

July, 1844.

HE NEVER BOWED TO PRAY.

The hand of death is on him,
 The spirit will not stay,
 His kindred weeping round him stand,
 Yet none can bow to pray !

The friends of former years have come,
 Have to his couch found way,
 And many are the gather'd band,
 But yet not one to pray !

Once youthful years and strength were his,
 And health's enliv'ning ray,
 And friends that seem'd to love him well
 Yet taught him not to pray !

He grew to manhood's fair estate,
 Earth's hope adorn'd his way,
 The treasures of the world were his,
 But did he ever pray ?

His health decay'd, his hopes were borne
 By rolling years away,
 And sorrow mark'd his brow with care,
 But did he ever pray ?

The weariness of age came on,
 Death eager seized his prey,
 Of all the friends he made through life,
 There was not one to pray !

No radiant hope the living cheer'd,
 When they bore to earth away,
 Unbless'd his search of happiness,
 He never bow'd to pray !

1844.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. J. F.

From sin and sorrow freed,
 Her pilgrimage is run,
 Redemption's mighty work is seal'd
 Salvation's conquest won.

There were lov'd ones to weep,
 Around the lowly bier.
 But holy, bless'd, immortal hope
 Was there to soothe and cheer.

The graces of the christian,
 Adorn'd her dying breath,
 And threw the halo o'er her brow,
 Of peaceful hope in death.

Around the holy's bed,
 In glory's bright array,
 The angel bands are gather'd
 To bear the soul away.

Then when the spirit soars,
 To seek its place of rest.
 Why should the left in sorrow mourn?
 As though of hope bereft.

Thou didst not weep kind parent,
 For life was known to thee,
 And thy deep faith, thy spirit told,
 'Twas better to be free.

A ransom'd child in heav'n,
A child from sorrow free,
A child that knew what anguish was,
Was hail'd with joy by thee.

That song of triumph deep,
Ascended up on high,
And roll'd in gladness, long and deep,
Through eternity's fair sky.

Would that ever o'er the dead !
Such bounding hope might be,
And faith's celestial balm to tell,
Of doubtless victory.

N I G H T .
—

'Tis night, and all is hush'd,
Save the wind that murmurs by ;
The cloudless moon in silvery light
Is gliding on the sky.

How sweet the solemn stillness,
How pure the balm it breathes ;
And lovely is the placid thought,
That round the spirit wreathes.

Night is the hour for holy thought,
In thrilling power to rise,
And trace the depths of loveliness,
That mantles on the skies.

To look beyond the radiance
That gilds the hour of night,
To where a fairer glory beams,
Of uncreated light.

The wretched, on the lonely night,
Can pour his sorrows forth,
Its majesty and loneliness,
Then own'd in all its worth.

And round the happy can the night
Its glad'ning freshness twine ;
Then can the mind adore the light
That graces virtue's shrine.

Upon the brow that posy's wreath,
With fairest laurels crown ;
Has not the mild night aided much
To cast the just renown.

To those who seek for glory's path,
Is not night's quiet sweet ;
When in some solitude they bow,
With thee, O Lord ! to meet.

Was not the night made beautiful,
That the soul might bow to thee ;
When all the day's wild dreams are past,
And the heart from toil is free.

The night is crown'd with beauty,
I love its silence deep ;
The calmness of its hallow'd hour
May I ever sacred keep.

Tho' sorrows gather round me,
The night will still be mine ;
And in its stillness, beauty, Lord,
My will shall bow to thine.

September, 1844.

MRS. F. HEMANS.

Upon thy memory I love to dwell,
 The mistress of the soul-entrancing spell;
 Pure, beautiful, and deep, thy fervent thought
 To fancy's dreams of thrilling beauty wrought.
 A woman thou, yet gifted with a mind
 Of noble genius, and of taste refined:
 For, Hemans, thou didst bow to nature's voice,
 And in her artless loveliness rejoice;
 And thou couldst bid thy strain in grandeur roll,
 Fill'd with the treasur'd feelings of the soul;
 And thou hast felt in solitude and night
 The germs of genius bursting into light;
 And thou hast traced the soul's enkindling power,
 And marked the mind to strength, and beauty tower.
 Still unforgotten is the place by me,
 When sooth'd to calmness by thy minstrelsy;
 I fear'd with other thought, to break the charm,
 That then I wished my soul might ever warm;
 Then first the vision waken'd in my mind,
 To seek for thought by beauty's power sublim'd;
 Still has it wrapt my soul with binding power—
 Still may it wrap until my latest hour.

O! may I make the Saviour's beauty mine,
 And all His image in my heart enshrine,
 That purity of thought may still be mine:
 Tho' gifted not with dream-like light like thine,
 Thou lovely minstrel of the harp's sweet tone,

Plaintive, and clear, and deep, and soft, and lone ;
Now glory's beauty pours upon thy soul,
Thy once high strain in nobler numbers roll—
Immortal numbers, fit for thee to raise
In holy triumph in Emanuel's praise ;
Around thy brow, the laurel graceful wreathes,
And Barton's verse thy well-earned praises
 breathes ;
And I would add unto thy just renown,
Tho' fairer radiance adorns thy crown,
Than if the treasures of the world were given
To match one gem that now is thine in heaven.

THE RAINBOW.

The Patriarch stood amidst the fearful
 Wreck of an old world—around were strewn
 The sad remains of that which once had life ;
 Sad thoughts rose in his bosom, for he knew
 That in himself, and in his children lurk'd
 The seeds of sin and sorrow, that might rise
 Again to mountains, and again call down
 The eyes of Purity to look on man ;
 The mighty deep, again might call to deep,
 The heavens gather blackness. Must they live,
 And fear whene'er the storm arose,
 And fear whene'er the thunder roll'd,
 And fear the lightning when it flashed on high,
 And look with terror on the deep, and fear—
 For God had made no covenant with man,
 That o'er his errors he would cast the veil
 Of pard'ning mercy. Where, then, the trust
 On which to lean, amidst a world replete
 With mighty elements of cloud and storm ?
 The morning pass'd, and noon ascended high,
 And evening came in robes of light and gold,
 And clouds of floating beauty. The Patriarch
 Look'd up :—" Behold I set my bow upon the cloud,
 The token of my covenant with thee,
 And with thy race ; and when I bring
 A cloud upon the earth, then will I draw
 My bow upon it, and remember man."
 Then rose the Patriarch's soul in holy trust :
 His God !—his father's God !—a God of mercy still !

CORAL ISLANDS.

—

They lie in beauty on the southern seas,
 The Coral Islands, builded by a worm,
 Girt in by reef on reef amidst the deep
 Of mighty ocean's deeply sounding wave,
 And bless'd by heaven for there the Cocoa waves,
 The bread fruit grows there, oriental flowers,
 Unheeded spring, in loveliness and light.
 Wonder of nature, as if the voice had said,
 Lands will I make me in the mighty deep;
 A worm shall do my bidding, and behold
 The kingly coral builds its line of rock
 Unto the topmost wave, and then expires;
 And thus perchance in after years may spread,
 Beneath the middle sun, a continent
 Subscribing ocean's bounds—how differing
 In its fair beauty from all other lands,
 Where now like gems upon some glorious crown
 The Coral Isles on ocean's bosom rest.
 Fearless in thy great task—slight ocean worm,
 Whilst round the play the monsters of the deep:
 But thou art safe within thy rocky home
 For ever building isles at God's command.

Amidst those islands God hath built his church,
 And He hath bless'd it and will bless it still
 With knowledge and instruction, wisdom high,
 With ev'ry good and ev'ry perfect gift;
 There will the fallen heathen rise to God
 And claim the mind that was in Christ the Lord.

O, glorious privilege ! O, bless'd indeed !
To see the heathen and their children come,
With the great name upon their forehead drawn ;
" The jewels Thou hast given me, O my God !"
Will then the faithful missionary sing,
" I give them back to Thee ; for they are thine ;
For thou hast bought them, even as for me
Thou paid'st the price of thy redeeming love."
Forgetting all of self to gaze on Christ,
And the high glory that he will reveal ;
How worthy of contention then is Heaven,
If but to see the heathen claim their place,
Redeem'd, brought up from ev'ry coral isle.
Then on ! thou mighty builder of the deep,
Line upon line, barrier on barrier build :
Fill up the ocean, Coral worm, with isles,
To be the resting of the Church of God.
And Oh ! thou king of earth bow humbly down,
The crown of ocean's worm exceeds thine own.

MARY MAGDALENE.

She wak'd at length, the wanderer midst the tombs,
 From the dark night the seven fold chain of woe,
 To the deep mystery of being wak'd
 At Jesu's feet, to wash them with her tears ;
 And e'er the memory of that long night
 Of woe and anguish pass'd away forever,
 The song of Mary's heart rose up to heaven.
 I heard thy voice in its deep pity pour'd,
 Jesus of Nazareth, when round my soul
 The snare of evil gather'd : then I knew
 Not thee, nor life, nor holiness, nor truth,
 Whilst wilder darkness o'er my helpless head,
 Gathered its horrors.

Yet, thou wouldst have sav'd
 Me even then, from woe and guilt and shame ;
 But I have sinned, how deeply, deeply sinned,
 Thou only knowest, O my father's God !
 Lifting rebellious arm against thy mercy,
 And made thy temple all unclean, unclean !
 But Jesus, thou hast mark'd thy weary wanderer,
 Thy light hath pierc'd my darkness : thou hast let
 Mary bow down her head into the dust
 To wash thy feet with tears, annoint thy head
 For burial. O my Saviour ! thou hast call'd
 Me blessed—I, the vilest of the vile !
 Hast made my name a monument of hope
 To those who shall from error look to thee,

From woe as fearful as my soul hath known,
And thou wilt love them--even as thy love
Hath lifted me above the waves of darkness ;
Thy smile was bent upon me, when the gates,
The living gates gave way to make thee welcome,
And thou ascended to thy father's throne ;
Still Jesus smile, and lowly at thy feet
Will Mary Magdalene weep and pray ;
And Mary's song grew deep in light and truth,
Till Jesus saw the perfect image given,
Then fled the weary wanderer to the throne
Above all accusation and all fear.

THE FLOWERS.
—

At the early breath of spring
They came with gentle grace,
Lovingly and faithfully
To fill their lowly place.

Telling with voice of love,
Of innocence and joy,
Pouring holiest truth,
Tho' pass'd unheeded by.

A power was in their song,
A deep yet gentle power,
The breeze its fragrance gather'd
From the young forest bower.

And bore it far away,
As an holy hymn on high,
E'er another race sprung up,
Where early blossoms die.

On, on through summer's hours,
Each in its beauty's light,
Cheering the wanderer's way,
Healing the spirit's blight.

For flowers have power to teach
The mind that bows to learn,
A lesson true and deep
But yet not sad or stern.

The sighing winds of Autumn
Have swept the summer's crown,
And tremblingly the forest,
Its glory casteth down.

The flowers bow to die,
They hide within the tomb,
But tranquil is the sleep
That shall know another bloom.

They shall waken at his word,
Who giveth their array;
They will come again with gladness,
To cheer the wanderer's way.

THE CALL OF ANGELS.
—

They have come from highest glory,
The bands of heavenly light,
With hearts of angel pity,
To gaze upon thy night.

They whisper in the silent hour,
And through the midnight deep :
“ Awake ! poor fallen one, awake !
From error’s fearful sleep !

“ Awake ! and hear our message
We are sent to bid thee rise,
Lest another claim the kingdom
That waits thee in the skies.

“ Awake ! e’er yet the summons
Shall call us whence we came ;
Scorn not the weeping mercy
That would lift thee from thy shame.

“ Hark ! ’tis the waiting anthem,
Among the bless’d and free ;
Awake ! that its sweet gladness
May rise, and rise for thee !”

THE MORNING CHORUS.

It is music!—it is music!
 Pour'd forth in wildest lay
 Upon the early freshness
 Of morning's dawning ray.

List! list!—how well, how cheerfully
 The choir is fill'd with song;
 The notes of pensive sweetness,
 Entwin'd with joys, prolong.

There is no strain of sorrow;
 Each warbler's note of joy
 Ascendeth in its gladness
 To heaven, without alloy.

And now the morning bringeth
 The glory of its light:
 And vanisheth the darkness,
 And shadows of the night.

Yet still the chorus ringeth
 From the tenants of the wild:
 How happy! O! how happy!
 Is ev'ry forest child.

But yet with brighter glory,
 The sun ascendeth high:
 And drinketh up the dew drops
 From flowers of summer joy.

'Tis hush'd, the clear wild chorus,
The hymn is o'er : away !
Thus echoeth the scatter'd notes
Upon the distant spray.

Away ! for other duties
This day must see us fill :
That round each chosen home of love
Joy ! joy ! may circle still.

Away ! until the evening
Brings on the dewy night :
And deeper gratitude shall hail
The morning's rising light.

MY GRANDFATHER'S DEATH.

His course is finish'd, and he sleeps
Where all the wearied find their rest ;
But hope bends o'er our father's dust,
And bids us call his slumbers blest.

Yes ! bless'd, because the peace of God
On his last hours of anguish, smil'd ;
And his deep patience of the soul,
Did honor to the Saviour's child.

The Saviour's child ! O blessed word !
To plead above his lonely grave,
And that high power that him redeem'd,
Can thee from all thy sorrows save.

For thou art lonely, well we know,
And oft times sorrowful and sad,
Nor can young minds that round thee move,
Know how to make thy heart be glad.

How happy 'tis that our life's span
Not oft exceedeth threescore years,
For what is left when loved ones die,
But loneliness and sighs and tears.

But youth in heaven shall be renew'd,
The grave not long its dead contain ;
And th' fair fount of gospel truth
Can purify from ev'ry stain.

That heaven of love is now the home
Of him who was thy partner here ;
Then let this hope with holy balm
Thy wearied-widowed spirit cheer.

Immanuel will thy heart renew,
Will with his righteousness array ;
The prayer of humble fervent faith
Will ever to his throne find way.

Heaven be thy home, its fadeless joys
Be thine, when thou from earth art free ;
This is the wish, Grandmother dear,
Thy children's children wish for thee.

ON THE DEATH OF C. P.

—
 Come gather round the place
 Where the early sleeper lies ;
 And lift the cov'ring up
 That veils him from our eyes.

The silken hair is thrown
 From the forehead, smooth and high ;
 The smile is on his lip,
 O ! wherefore did he die ?

Father ! he died, that thou
 Might'st meet him yet again,
 To loose the many bonds
 That would thee here detain.

Why should thy children stay
 With thee through all thy time ;
 Then thou might'st fondly dream
 They would be only thine.

Mother ! thy fair son sleeps,
 And he was dearly lov'd,
 God hath ask'd him at thy hand,
 And thus thy will hath prov'd ;

In mercy and in love—
 Was sent the chast'ning rod ;
 And thou wilt humbly bow,
 And give him back to God.

Sister! thine earnest eyes
Would gather ev'ry trace,
That death in solemn stillness
Hath left upon that face ;

How 'lovely ! O how lovely !
Is thy brother in his sleep ;
And thou wilt treasure all
With mem'ry true and deep.

And wilt thou meet him, sister,
In fairer loveliness ;
Forget in joyous meeting,
The day of deep distress ?

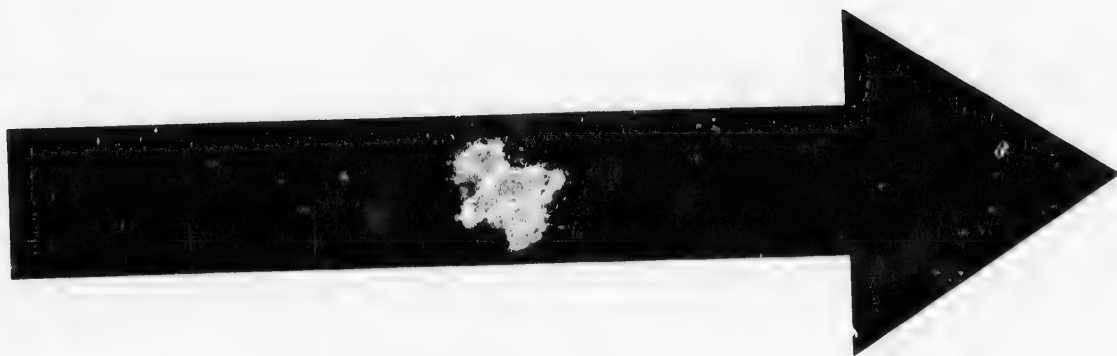
Kind brother dost thou weep
For Charles' early doom,
And wilt thou fail to meet
With him beyond the tomb ?

Bow down thy heart in prayer,
And make the call be thine ;
Thus would his spirit say,
If it could speak in time.

“ My brothers wake from sleep,
My sister come to me ;
My father, mother, kindred,
Prepare for what I see.

* Mother, thy children weep,
Because their child is dead ;
Thou weepest too, but soon
Will every woe be fled.

* Since deceased.



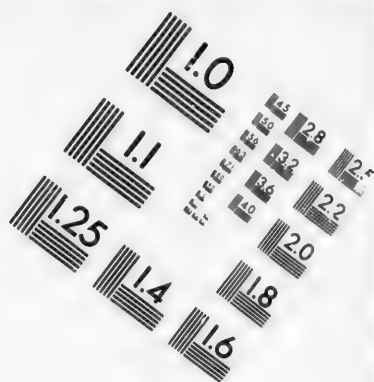
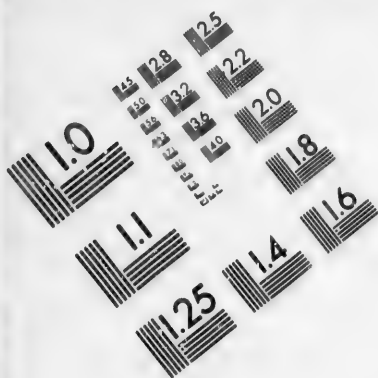
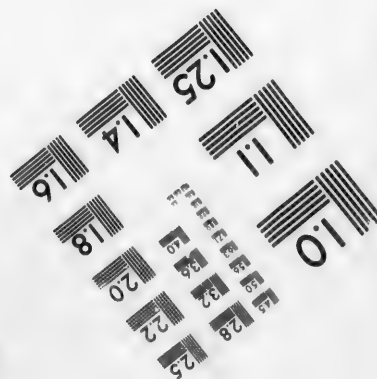
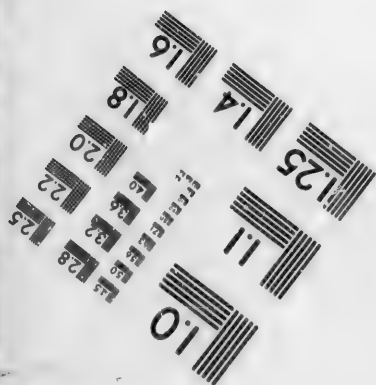
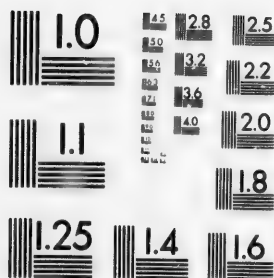


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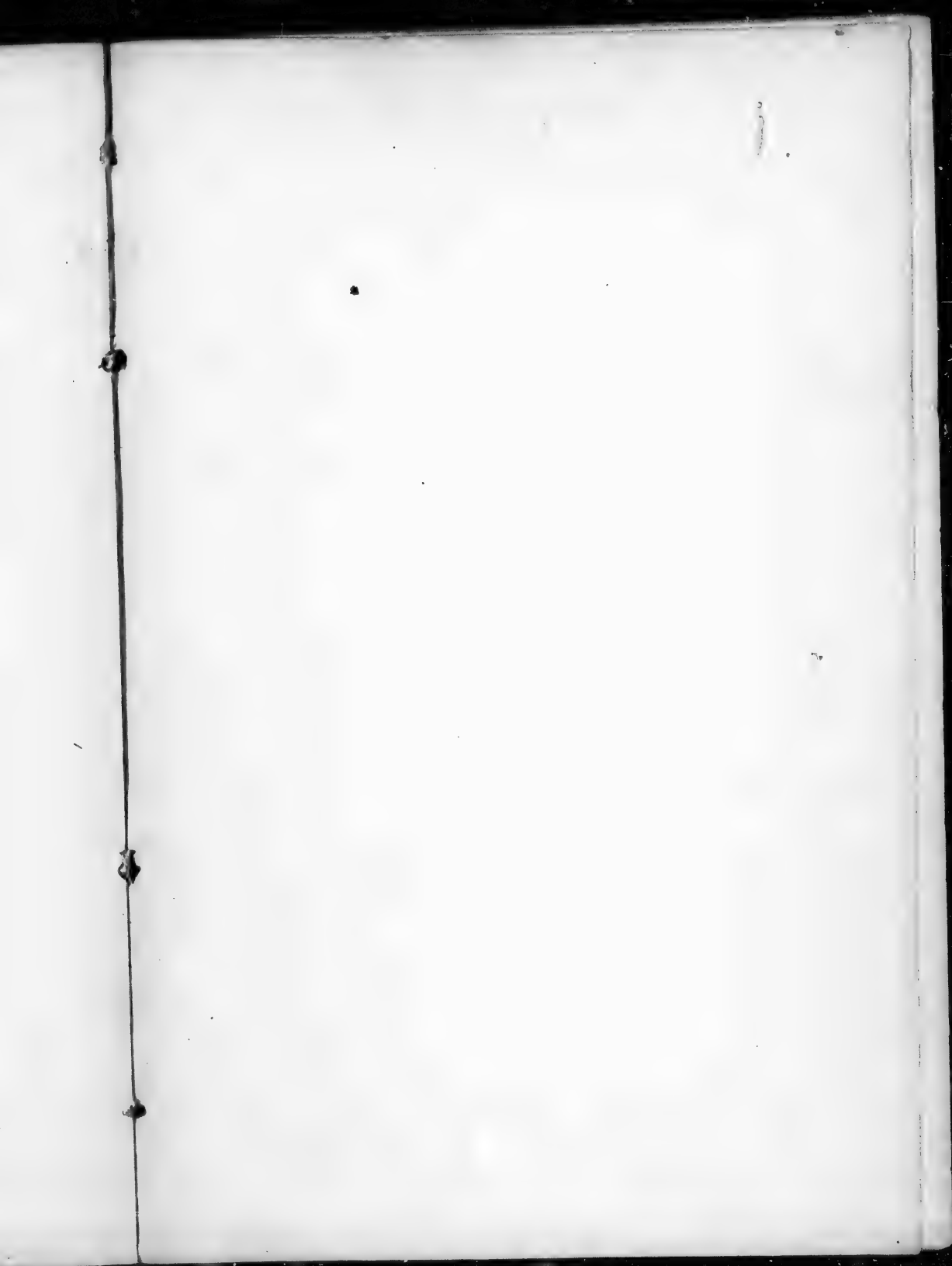
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Oh may thou rise again,
Beyond the reach of pain ;
Where death may never sever
Thy cherish'd ones again.





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E R R A T A .

Page 36, for Mr. I. T. B., read Mrs. J. T. B.

The last two verses on page 40 belong to the Stan-
zas on page 38.

The last verse on page 44 and those on page 45
belong to the verses on page 40.

The last verse on page 38 and the two on page 39
belong to the verses on page 44.

Page 17, line 9th, for William read Williams.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—The above corrections, with
the exception of the last, are a deviation from the
Manuscript originally furnished, and would have
been made ere the form was struck off had it not
been for the absence of the Authoress from the City.